

THE HOUSE ON THE ISLAND

By ETNA W. PIERCE

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CHAPTER IX.

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Continued.

She put her stores in little crannies of the rock wall, brought a tin kettle of water from the spring and set it to heat on the fire. Jacqueline watched her, and the long-legged, red-haired girl, with her mischievous eyes and turned-up nose, seemed now like some angel of light.

"Oh, Vic," she said, at last, "since Joe Raby knows so much about the cave, will he not be sure to think of it as our probable hiding place when we are missed from the stone house?"

"Maybe," Vic admitted, "but don't you go half way to meet any trouble to-night, miss! Just tell me all you saw on the beach, and I'll know whether the crack on your head made you lunny, or if there's really new mischief afoot on the island."

Jacqueline told her story, and Vic listened, pouring the narrator a cup of tea the while, and pressing upon her a breast of roast fowl and part of a wheaten loaf.

"St. George!" Vic pondered. "Yes, miss, that's the name that was on the letter Mrs. Trevor sent me to Watchhaven! I see it all plain enough. She told him to come at nightfall, because Raby is off his guard, so to speak, about that time; and she told him, too, to avoid the pier, and make for the little beach under the rocks. Yes, that's straight. You didn't dream it! Now, the Lord only knows whether Mrs. Trevor and the man got off or not. I'm sure I hope Mr. St. George cracked Peter's head, but he didn't, or you and I would have found the remains. When I came down the rocks, whistling to you, I didn't see a soul nor hear a sound."

"I'm afraid," shivered Jacqueline, "that something dreadful happened after I lost consciousness. Those ruffians never let Mrs. Trevor escape."

"Maybe not," assented Vic, "but don't you distress yourself any more about it. I want to make you comfortable for the night. Eat a little of the chicken—do. It's good, though that black Portuguese woman cooked it, and won't she buzz like a mad hornet when she finds it gone from her pantry?"

"Vic, how long must we stay on this Dragon's Nose?"

"That depends, miss—till it's possible to get off, I expect. At a pinch, I can steal Raby's skiff, and row you to mainland—that is, if the weather holds good. Now you lay down and rest, and we'll talk more about this matter in the morning."

Vic's cheerfulness was mostly assumed. She was a shrewd girl, and she fully realized Jacqueline's peril. Easily her foes might track her to that rabbit-burrow of a cave. Deadman's Island knew no law but the will of Philip Trevor.

The fire burned low and left a bed of embers that shone softly in the gloom. The sea wind blew through the mouth of the cave and tossed the shadows of the cedars to and fro in the moonlight. Vic, stretched on a blanket near Jacqueline, heard the sudden lap of water.

"Tide's coming in!" she said, "and at high water we're cut off from Deadman's. I'd better go out and take a look around before we fall asleep."

Jacqueline had no mind to be left alone in the cave. She started up and signified her intention of following Vic. The two went together. The tide was fast running into the channel. It was easy to see that in storms a formidable surf would drive through the passage. The moon shone brightly on the vast waters.

"Look!" said Vic, suddenly catching Jacqueline by the dress, "oh, look, miss—round the point there!"

Out from the shadow of Deadman's Island a dark object came into view drifting toward the entrance of the channel. It was a boat, but empty and careless. The tide, which here set strongly toward the passage, was sweeping the small craft in the same direction—tossing it up and down, like a corkle shell.

"Good Lord!" cried Vic, in a sudden excitement. "I know that boat! It's Jim Bumpus' Victory—named for me. It's got adrift from Watchhaven. I wonder what strange wind blew it over to Dragon's Nose?"

She tore off shoes and stockings and gathering her skirts, prepared to wade out and secure the prize.

"A few minutes ago we were wondering how we'd ever leave the Nose," she said. "Now the way is plain, miss—we'll go in Jim's boat, to be sure!"

"Let me help you!" implored Jacqueline, but Vic waved her back.

"No, you'll get wet. I'm used to such things. I'll bring her in all right. Jim will have to pay me salvage."

ugly cut under his blonde hair. With deft fingers they bandaged his wounds—then looked expressively at each other.

"Is this the man you saw on the beach with Mrs. Trevor?" asked Vic.

"Yes," answered Jacqueline. "It's plain that Peter and Joe fell on him together, shot and cut him, as you see, then dumped him into the boat, and set it adrift, expecting that he'd find a grave in the water. And the tide brought him round the island to Dragon's Nose."

"But what have they done with Mrs. Trevor?"

"Killed her, most likely, and if we don't look sharp after this man his death will be at their door, too. He's hurt in the head, you see. We'll have our match to bring him to, miss."

They worked with a will, however, made him a bed with all the blankets they had, and woman-like, forgot their own troubles to minister to one yet more needy. In view of the treatment given to St. George their own situation assumed a grave aspect. They had to deal with lawless men, who would stop at nothing.

Vic called forth again in the moonlight and returned with a piece of driftwood—the fragment of a mast from some lost ship. This she fixed as a barrier in the mouth of the cave. She lighted the fire again and snuffed the candle. A watch must be kept till morning, and the girls determined to assume it in turn. Jacqueline looked down at the prostrate figure of St. George and thought of the Cornish lane where she had first met him.

Bradshaw of Doris, anxiously waiting for news in the Wingate house. Her heart swelled within her. And Mrs. Trevor had been this man's wife—she had forsaken him for Philip Trevor. It was terrible—more like a wild nightmare than reality.

The hours dragged on; the lights and shadows flickered weirdly in the cave. Jacqueline slept while Vic watched; then awoke to keep vigil in turn, and give the faithful Vic her period of rest. Outside, the sea foamed through the channel, the wind groaned in the cedars. Within St. George lay in a stupor, faintly muttering from time to time. Jacqueline wet his lips with spring water, and assiduously bathed his wrists to keep down the fever which was working in his veins. She had somewhere heard that cold applications to the leaping pulse would reduce the temperature, and other remedy she had none.

About midnight his voice became audible. Vic was still sleeping. It fell to Jacqueline to listen alone. Some lines from an old play seemed running through his clouded brain. He quoted, in a broken tone:

"Oh, ye gods! Why do you make us love your goodly gifts, And snatch them straight away?"

Jacqueline did not want to listen, but the murmur went on, and she could not shut her ears.

"The fire is burned out, Edith. Once you were heaven itself to me—now you are less than nothing. And again, in a tone of poignant distress, 'For God's sake, don't talk of Basil, for then I have no pity for you! A mad wife—a worse mother!'"

Silence for a space; she hoped he had fallen asleep, but once more he tossed restlessly and cried: "Where is Miss Hatton? Would you have me leave her here in this wolf's den? God forgive me for ever denying her here!—I shall not soon forgive myself! Her face would melt a stone man, but not Philip Trevor."

And last of all she heard these faint words:

"A woman like that might have made my life worth living."

Toward morning Vic relieved her, and Jacqueline lay down in a corner of the cave and slept heavily. When she awoke Vic was just entering the door with a pail of foaming milk.

"I know where the cows are kept," she chuckled. "We need this for our coffee, and we must coax the sick man to take a little. He's been saying a lot of queer things—he seems awfully mixed in his mind."

Jacqueline performed her ablutions at the spring under the cedars. The morning was blushing over a smooth sea. The gulls screamed on the ledges; the waves murmured softly about Dragon's Nose. Peace and security appeared to reign everywhere; but, alas! St. George, stretched delicious on his blankets, was sufficient proof of the dangers that still encompassed the occupants of the cave.

A cup of coffee and a morsel of bread made Jacqueline's breakfast. St. George drank the milk which his anxious nurses held to his lips. They bathed his wounds and bandaged them anew, smoothed his hard bed and sighed because they could do no more.

"He needs a doctor and medicine," said Jacqueline; "he will die without them, Vicky."

"There ain't a doctor nearer than the mainland," replied Vic, ruefully, "but I know of a medicine chest at the stone house, and when night comes I'll go there and fetch him a supply. Besides, I must find a pair of oars for the Victory. Skipper Joe has more than once offered me all his worldly goods, and himself along with 'em, but I ain't greedy—I'll take only the oars, and maybe a few other trifles that we need just now."

"Vic," said Jacqueline, sadly, "you have lost your place at the stone house and gained no end of trouble—all because of me."

"Pooh!" replied Vic. "I was sick enough of the place—I am glad enough to be out of it. Now hear my plan: We'll lay low to-day and

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Together Jacqueline and her companion cut the rope that bound the man, removed the gag, dragged him out of the boat and carried him, a dead weight, to the cave. His flesh was still warm, his heart still beat feebly. They washed the blood from his face and found the furrow of a bullet plowed in his cheek, and an

tend the sick man, and at dark I'll fetch the oars. Then we'll wrap Mr. St. George in the blankets and lay him in the boat. The weather is blessed calm, you see, and there's no sign of a change. I can row the Victory to Watchhaven all right. The moon is near full, and before twelve o'clock we can all be in the Bumpus house, and Jim will bring a doctor for Mr. St. George, and there'll be nothing more to fear for any of us."

Jacqueline's spirits rose. "You excellent girl," she answered. "You put new life into me! I shall return home defeated, and poorer, by far, than when I set forth to recover my fortune, but I no longer care for that. My sister, by this time, is wild with anxiety for me, and when we are in each other's arms again we shall be far too happy to remember my failure."

For St. George's sake, even more than for her own, Jacqueline prayed that the plan of escape might not miscarry.

Night came and Vic made ready to leave the cave.

"Don't get lonely, miss, while I'm away!" she pleaded. "I'll not be long, and I'll do my best to find out what's become of Mrs. Trevor—for it's likely the sick man will want to know that if he ever recovers his senses."

"Vic, some one will see you and you will be seized and locked up, as I was, and then what will become of me here with this dying man?"

"Lor, don't you fear, miss—I can hold my own against every son of darkness on Deadman's Island!" replied intrepid Vic, and Jacqueline, from the door of the cave, watched her faithful ally cross the rocks to the main island and plunge into the spruce thickets. There the night swallowed her. With great sinking of heart Jacqueline returned to her post beside St. George.

He had ceased to mutter. He lay motionless, silent. The bandages about his head gave him the appearance of a corpse. A flood of womanly pity and compassion rushed over Jacqueline as she looked down on him. At all hazards he must have medical help—he must be conveyed safely to Watchhaven!

Time dragged on. Once a sea bird on the rocks startled her with a strange cry. Once she heard something moving outside the cave. She crept to the entrance and peered forth. A pathetic bleat saluted her ears. A gray shape was standing among the cedars. A sheep had strayed from the flock and crossed the channel at low water. The lost creature was wandering around the cave like an innocent ghost.

Vic did not come! Jacqueline went often to the cave door—looked often at her watch. God grant no harm had befallen brave, loyal Vic! Oh, to face forth and seek her! But could she leave St. George? His enemies might fall upon him in her absence and finish the work of the preceding night. No! she would not forsake the helpless man, even for a moment. Her place was in the cave.

At last, a flying step—a swift shadow slipping through the moonlight! Vic, pale and panting, rushed into the cave. She had bundles in her hand, which she flung from her, recklessly, and grasping the fragment of mast, she jammed it like a wedge across the opening.

"Peter is after me," she said to Jacqueline. "I tried to throw him off the scent, but he knew too much for that. He's just behind and Joe Raby with him—they hunt in couples."

Instinctively, Jacqueline flew to St. George, and flung the blankets over his face, concealing him from sight.

"What have you in that kettle?" gasped Vic—"boiling water—good! I got the oars all right, but had to drop 'em or be caught myself. Lord help us! Here they come!"

The tide had begun to rise in the channel. Two figures, one behind the other, splashed through it and approached the cave.

"Hold there!" shouted Vic across the barrier of driftwood. "What do you want?"

Peter advanced a step or two alone, and answered:

"You jade! I've come to tell you that you're dismissed from Mr. Trevor's service."

To be Continued.

Four Months' Annual Hurricane.

In the ancient land of Seistan, on the borders of Persia and Afghanistan, an extraordinary wind blows in the summer. It is called the "Bad-i-sad-o-bist-roz," or wind of 120 days. Colonel Sir Henry McMahon, a British explorer, says of this wind: "It sets in at the end of May or the middle of June and blows with appalling violence and with little or no cessation till about the end of September. It always blows from one direction, a little west of north, and reaches a velocity of over seventy miles an hour."

Education Has Proved Value.

In a letter to the Boston Transcript favoring humane education in the public schools, a correspondent says: "In one public school in London, England, where, in the course of twenty years, 7000 children were given a thorough humane education (during this period, which would make many of these boys men of twenty-five and thirty-five), not one of them was ever arrested for a criminal offense, demonstrating the value of humane education to prevent crime, as well as cruelty."

Old Bodies and Young Hearts.

I have been looking in the mirror at my worn, lined face. The tragedy of age for a woman! When the years take from her youth and beauty, why do they not take, too, her longing for love? Why do they mercilessly leave her with a young heart and a faded face?—From "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," in Everybody's.

"Women must learn to date their letters if they are going to compete with men," said Judge Edge, at Clerkenwell County Court, London.

Mattresses filled with paper are used by German soldiers.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. A. H. C. MORSE.

Theme: The Lost.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Alfred H. C. Morse, D. D., pastor of the Strong Place Baptist Church, preached Sunday on "The Lost." He took his text from Matthew 18:11: "For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." Dr. Morse said:

During the summer I saw a Canadian city moved with a great anxiety because a lad had been lost in a neighborhood of the city. The papers published the search, and 1500 men hunted the woods for two days and two nights. At last the boy was found, his clothes torn to shreds, his tongue swollen with thirst and himself almost famished with hunger. There was great rejoicing when this little lad was restored to his home.

It was something like this which Jesus had constantly in mind, and in a scope of ways He illustrated the need of His work. A sheep was lost, and of course, the shepherd searched for the sheep; a coin was lost, and the poor woman to whom it belonged was unable to sleep until she had swept every nook in her home and found it; a boy was lost, he had deliberately walked away from his home, but the father broke his heart with pining; the whole world had gone astray, and knew not the way of return, and therefore the need for His mission. He had come to seek and to save that which was lost.

The scholars have recently been giving their attention to what they have called "the psychology of sin," and it is interesting to see how their findings have conformed to the teaching of Jesus; this, of course, without His great simplicity. The biologist through the physical development of the race, and that he actually carries in his own experience the entire history of his ancestors. Then the psychologist tells us there is the same recapitulation in the psychic life, and that each individual passes through the stages by which the race has attained to civilization, morality and right. It has taken the race uncounted millenniums to discover the things which are essentially good, but the child must achieve all this in the first few years of its life. There was a time when might was right, and when each person felt that what came into his hand was his own; there was a time when deception and cunning were as necessary to maintain one's right as locks and keys are necessary to-day; and so we might go through the whole catalogue of the possible stages. The scholar will tell us that the disposition to do these things is only the reappearance of primitive impulses, and that these things are non-moral; that they are simply starting points for the upbuilding of manhood, character and destiny. That the problem of the child is to steady himself past dangerous places to the place where right will be easy, and that the instinctive voice of the soul, how then, in the moral anomaly, is simply the person who, in passing through the racial experience, has been permitted to linger on the level where deception was a common thing; that the habit is fixed and the person is living on the plane of an ancient and imperfect age; the scholar, in this way: The liar, for instance, is simply the person who, in passing through the racial experience, has been permitted to linger on the level where deception was a common thing; that the habit is fixed and the person is living on the plane of an ancient and imperfect age; the scholar, in this way: The liar, for instance, is simply the person who, in passing through the racial experience, has been permitted to linger on the level where deception was a common thing; that the habit is fixed and the person is living on the plane of an ancient and imperfect age; 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